EPIC
THE FANZINE

WELCOME!

Thank you so much for checking out EPIC: the Fanzine, a collaborative artbook covering the 9 sagas of **EPIC: The Musical** by **Jorge Rivera-Herrans**!

This zine is a collection of artwork and poetry created by a dedicated team of 5 mods and 45 talented contributors. Each page represents countless hours of work, so if you enjoy what you see, please take a moment to support the artists and poets involved!

We are incredibly grateful for the EPIC team and community of countless creators whose passion keeps us inspired with their amazing animatics, artwork, and writing.

We hope you enjoy!
The EPIC: the Fanzine Mod Team

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We are in no way affiliated with Jorge Rivera-Herrans.

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Please support the credited creators for their amazing works, their time and their effort!
We couldn't have done it without you :)

SONG FEATURES OVERVIEW

THE TROY SAGA
The Horse and the Infant | Just A Man |
Full Speed Ahead | Open Arms

THE CYCLOPS SAGA
Polyphemus | Survive | Remember Them | My Goodbye

THE OCEAN SAGA
Storm | Luck Runs Out | Keep Your Friends Close |
Ruthlessness

THE CIRCE SAGA
Puppeteer | Wouldn't You Like | Done For |
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THE UNDERWORLD SAGA
The Underworld

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THE ITHACA SAGA
The Challenge | Hold Them Down | Odysseus |
I Can't Help but Wonder |
Would You Fall in Love with Me Again

NOW PRESENTING...

THE TROY SAGA

FEATURING...

"The Horse and the Infant" illustrated by risaruru
"Just A Man" illustrated by Jay Kilgore
"Full Speed Ahead" illustrated by Yooms
"Open Arms" illustrated by atomicfr0g

"Dead Reckoning" a Poem by Imperatrix

DEAD RECKONING

"Unfurl the masts! We sail due east
Toward the cave where we can feast!
Our stores are down to grain and grease.
Make haste, our brethren yearn to eat!

We're leagues from Troy and fathoms deep,
Exhausted, cold, and growing weak.
We need the might and mind to flee
Or fight the dangers that may be.

A meal would grant the strength we need.
A meal'd preserve our sanity.
A meal's what dictates man from beast-
A meal could quell a mutiny."

But even here, I see the wraith:
He's haunted me for days.
My arms still feel the phantom weight.
His cries are in the waves.

The creak of planks proclaim his name,
The weeping clouds his face.
His mother's tears still salt the rain
And urge I take his place.

I pray these voices be allayed
But silence hides its grace.
Til hours late, I'm kept awake:
Beleaguered by the shame.

The evening torchlight whispers blame
Of Troy I set aflame,
Of empty halls, of crying maids,
Of how he's but a babe.

Had I the right to seek and slay
A child, no doubt afraid,
To cast him out like rotten grain
And leave but crimson stains?

Had I the right to coldly take
What in his future lay
For fear he'd tread the path of hate
Predestined by the Fates?

Forgive me, wraith, for my mistakes,
For orders I'd obeyed.
I couldn't dare to draw my blade
And pierce your feeble frame...

But I cannot by guilt be swayed-
Too great's the price to pay.
To falter now is to betray
The trust that with me lay.

Six hundred men stand in my wake.
Six hundred souls at stake.
Six hundred men I'd lead astray,
Six hundred dead in days.

I am to lead, I am to stay
A king of stalwart faith.
I cannot bend, I cannot break:
Such is Athena's way.

Although the conduct we've displayed
Has been to my distaste,
A bloody war we've had to face.
Our morals bear the taint.

"Eurylochus, prepare the wine,
For once we dock, we'll shortly dine.
We'll make of this cuisine so fine,
The very meat will seem to shine!"

The shining of the palace gates...
The steadfast palisades...
The rough and trodden alleyways...
The ever-verdant glades...

I cannot bear to be delayed!
My Ithaca awaits!
A decade spent without my reign:
I pray my wife is safe.

Penelope, I'm on my way!
Our love's what keeps me sane.
For you the River Styx I'd brave:
Your smile is worth the pain.

I still recall when last we spake
You told me to behave.
"A war should not a brute create!"
I still can hear you say.

Our hands and hearts will interlace:
My grief will be erased.
For your embrace, as soft as suede,
Could soothe my every ache.

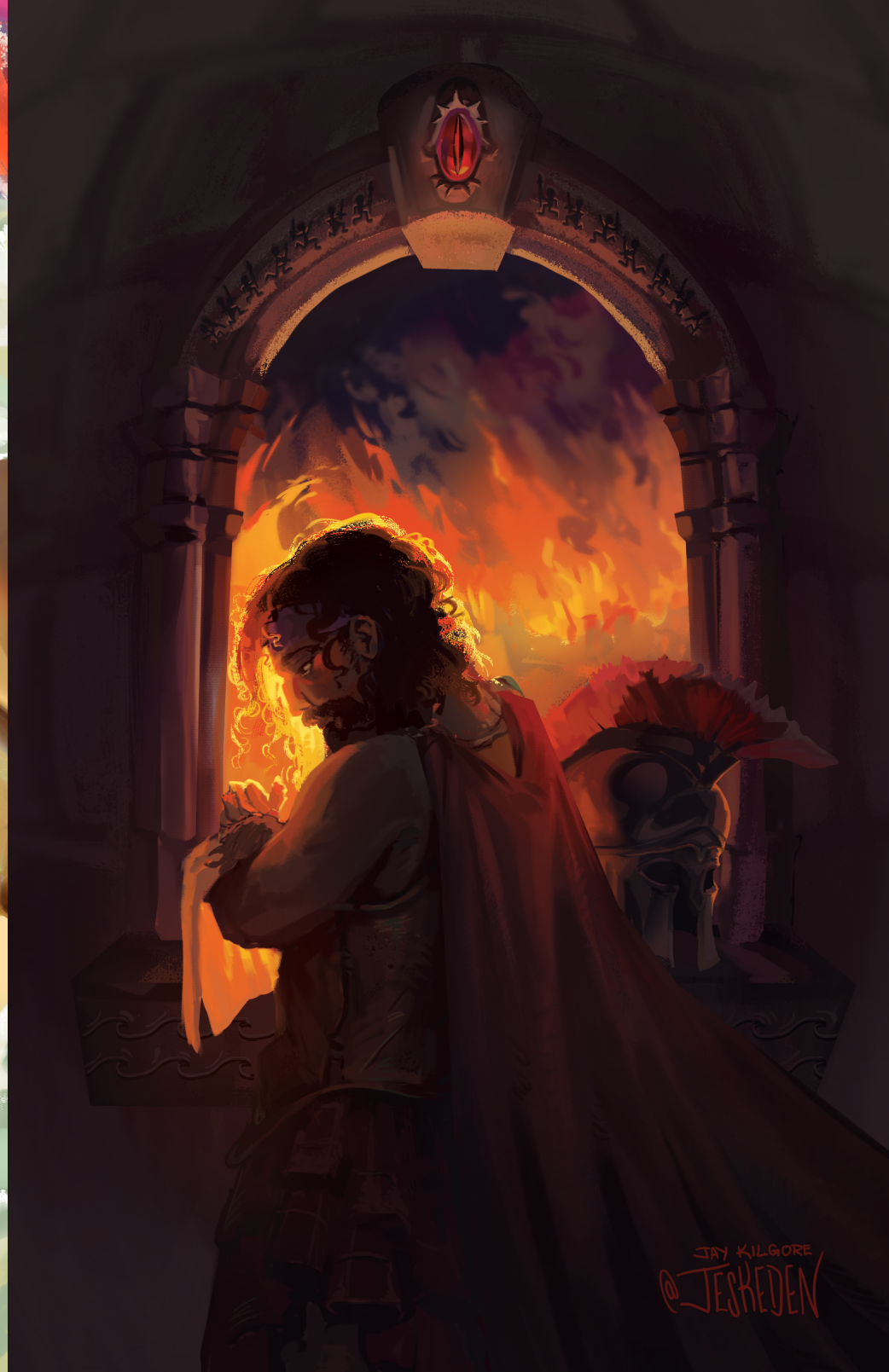
These endless days drive me insane
My ship's become a cage.
To make it home, to sail with haste,
I'd fight the very waves.

...

But damn the waves, my wife awaits.
I long to see her face.
My love, I'm just a ways away,
I'll meet you at the gates.

"Steer hard to port! I see the shore!
We'll feed on fleeting flecks no more!
We're stood upon salvation's door!
Full speed ahead with every oar!"

RIARURU


JAY KILGORE
@JESKEDEN

NOW PRESENTING...

THE CYCLOPS SAGA

FEATURING...

"Polyphemus" illustrated by jmenka
"Survive" illustrated by athenticity
"Remember Them" illustrated by ErithanArt
"My Goodbye" illustrated by Mariquita_scadoodles

"Blind Divide" a Poem by Imperatrix

BLIND DIVIDE

Odysseus, you reckless fool. You've compromised yourself.
Do you not see? To let him live begets your burial knell.
The Cyclops still remains a threat. He's blinded, not unarmed.
His rage yet courses through his veins: He still can bring you harm.

Your safest bet's to leave him dead. Is that not what I taught?
Lethality in every strike-you've shown that as you fought.
So, why now choose to spare the beast? Explain yourself at once.
I truly hope you realise the weight of what you've done.

I see no use in killing him. I'm stood well out of reach.
"Do not exceed what's practical:" is that not what you teach?
So, tell me, where's the benefit? What good would killing do?
Athena, mercy stands an option we have yet to choose.

The foe we fight is rendered blind, my friend lay crushed and dead.
What good is due from adding to the endless blood we shed?
Why should I prolong the fight and cause more senseless harm?
The world would prove a brighter place if met with open arms!

All on its own, that's well and good, yet you pushed further on,
You gave your name, your residence, the titles you have won.
Enlighten me, was that a threat or merely haughty pride?
If not, perhaps your mind has dulled, bereaved by those who've died.

Of course you'd think so soullessly.
You're distant from the fight.
Their every death, I'm forced to see.
You'd really call that pride?

The souls we damned to burn in Troy
Still haunt my dreams at night.
And now my comrades join the void:
The bloodshed never dries.

The battle's done! The war's been won!
Leave death to reap in Troy!
I have no love for what I've done.
I killed a baby boy!

I leave to you on how you'll cope.
That's not for me to sway.
Your blatant gall and hubris, though,
Are what lead you astray.

You needn't have revealed your name
Or challenged him at all.
In time, you'll see. Your crew'll exclaim:
"You should have let him fall."

You're so obsessed with flawlessness,
A perfect ruthless knight,
But crew's duress I hold abreast,
Does that not cross your mind?

I cannot call a full assault
And keep my conscience clean,
For scores would die. I'd be at fault.
That's not how kings should lead.
-
Your vanity is misapplied,
Your ego overblown.
And yet it's you who chides my pride,
I urge you check your own.

Not only did you not comply,
You sneered and spat in Wisdom's eye.
If you keep casting things awry
Then I'm afraid this is goodbye.

You question me and call it pride,
Where truly does your heart reside?-

It's with **Penelope**.
That much is set in stone.
I'm hers-I'll always be.
Who've you to call your own?

You've purpose in your creed,
You sit atop your throne,
Yet I can plainly see
Without me *you're alone!*

~~*(No harm should come from all his barks;*~~
~~*A god cannot be hurt by snark.*~~
~~*So why then do these barbed remarks*~~
~~*Impale their thorns within my heart?)*~~

You've found no grounds for your retorts,
And now to insults you resort.
All seems, to me, a sour report,
A harbinger of grim import.

Your arguments do not withstand
Appraisal by judicious hand.
You think I'd bow to your command?
You're nothing more than *just a man.*

I care not witness your descent.
You've veered to paths beyond repent.
I erred in thinking you attent,
A massive waste of effort spent.

I've had enough! Your raving pride's
A heinous scar I cannot hide.
Your insolence has crossed the line:
Now, I'm afraid, *this is goodbye.*

@athentic

NOW PRESENTING...

THE OCEAN SAGA

FEATURING...

"Storm" illustrated by Vancr0ft
"Luck Runs Out" illustrated by greatpistachio
"Keep Your Friends Close" illustrated by KodaConstellation
"Ruthlessness" illustrated by MaruKmpos

"Burden Of Truth" a Poem by Imperatrix

BURDEN OF TRUTH

Does ~~he stir?~~

Does the captain at last lay to rest?

~~Does the madness that plagued his mind so~~
~~that robbed him of sound mind and restful sleep~~
weaken ~~at last?~~

~~He never was the same.~~
~~Not after~~
poor, peaceful,
Polites.

~~He still breathes, does he not?~~
~~I doubt~~ the queen ~~would appreciate~~
~~us lugging his corpse,~~
~~stiff and smelly from days at sea.~~

"Penelope...

~~He speaks!~~

~~Naturally.~~
~~It would ill fit him to die here,~~
~~abroad open ocean,~~
~~miles away from~~ danger.

~~Yet, even in sullen slumber,~~
~~he still clings to that~~ bag.

~~I find it odd of him to be so anxious,~~
~~so unwilling to share even a~~ glimpse of the contents.
~~Is it~~ really not treasure within?

~~Does that bag, mere flesh,~~

~~mortal flesh,~~
~~truly bear the storm that blocked our way?~~
~~It was bestowed by~~ a god...

~~A god whose minions~~ forewarned us,
advised us,
~~to~~ be wary of our trust.

"It was... before the war begun
When I last saw... my darling son..."

Singleminded.

~~Unfalteringly determined~~
~~to reach our home shores.~~

No cost too great.

Listen.
~~The faintest whisper of movement~~
~~stirs in the bag.~~

A great weight.
Gold-what else?
Do I alone hear it?

But why?
Why keep such great a treasure
all to himself?

Odysseus is no material man.

Unless...
What manner of gifts could a god create?

It could be-
must be-
greater than every ounce of gold
in every kingdom...

What harm may come from a glimpse?

...

I feel my clenching fists release:
I feel a burden's been relieved:
I feel the soft caress of sleep.
I'm soon to see Penelope...

My senses, though enthralled by dreams,
Alert my mind with great unease.
So close to home, what dangers be?
Why now must panic pester me?

Wait.

"No!"

Screaming.

Crying.

Wailing
wind

rips our fleet from the sea
like the hand of a **god**
reaching to remove
some pest from his limbs.

Rain
so
heavy,
so **vengeful:**
it feels as if hatred were condensed
in some wicked elixir,
so fiery is its chill, so scalding its dampness:
hammers upon our vessels.

Scores and scores
of unseeable, unavoidable little arrows
all chipping away
at bark and flesh alike
as we found ourselves helpless,
puny,
in the raging sky.

Clouds-
No.
These are **monsters**.

monsters made to weep-

blind us in a heavy, vengeful haze.

They rob us of our sight,
leaving us as infants

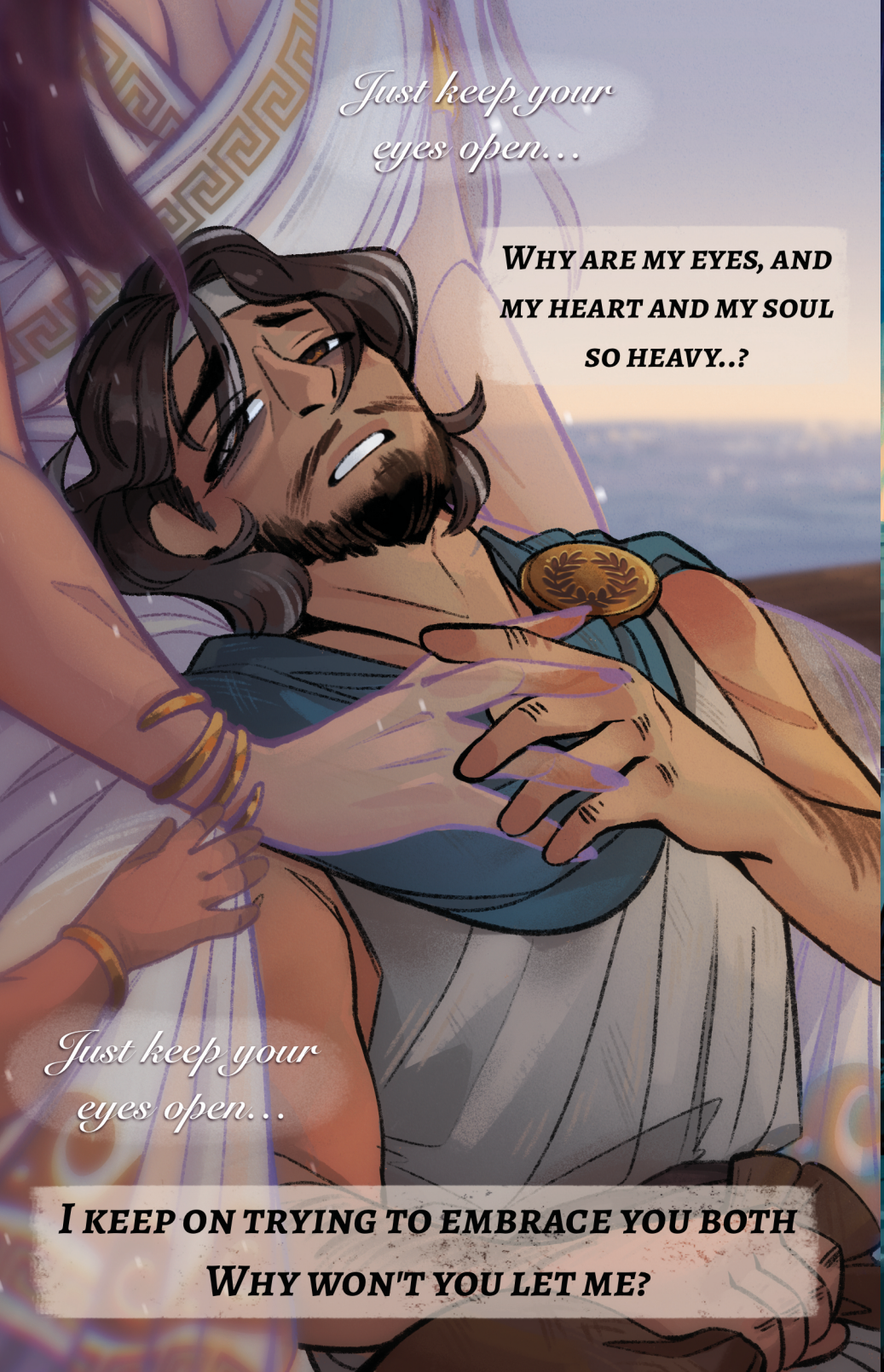
about war
toddling a zone.

Will we land?
Where?
Would we survive?

It doesn't matter.

"Reverse the sails! Support the masts!
We'll catch the wind and use the drag!
Someone help me close the bag!
And pray we don't descend on land."

Home...
So close...
Penelope...


Just keep your eyes open...
WHY ARE MY EYES, AND MY HEART AND MY SOUL SO HEAVY..?
Just keep your eyes open...
I KEEP ON TRYING TO EMBRACE YOU BOTH
WHY WON'T YOU LET ME?

NOW PRESENTING...

THE CIRCE SAGA

FEATURING...

"Puppeteer" illustrated by rorokonaa
"Wouldn't You Like" illustrated by drawing_angie
"Done For" illustrated by Fovik
"There Are Other Ways" illustrated by Jay Zuzanna Roleder

"While the Water Stays Blue" a Poem by Nadviise

WHILE THE WATER STAYS BLUE

"Do you know where you go when drunk on power and woe?"

His mind does not falter, his breath does not catch,

though it latches on his throat before he can chew.

The ichor of a **GIANT** swallows the blood of a man,

flower flowing, setting roots, sowing seeds in his veins.

"What is true, and so few, walks not the path that delivers you."

A THORN IN HIS SIDE - or a thorn on his side

as winds of betrayal carry ill envious air in his crew.

Thunderous is the storm that rages in a captain's mind,

still heavy is the crown on the head of who remains.

"How free can we be, should fate come with a fee?"

Whittled is the wit where wisdom once wandered

The weight of his words- *where are you...?*

WHAT DID YOU DO?

To be a warrior, a king, a son, a ***CAPTAIN***, a husband, a father, a man, a GOD-

GENUFLECT TO THE GOD THAT HARBOURS NO NAMES

A GOD knows not what it means to be alive

When the world is a game they need EYES to see through

And by the Gods he knows what it's like to be played

But what are eyes to one no longer, himself, bound to the chains of mortal plains

"Why do you try as time passes by?"

Holding power is all he's ever known and this power is pity
with permission to atone. But power he holds
and it holds root and bone as it grounds him in certainty and
holds him alone. Holding, hold on, hold fast
and hone the melody that lulled him an ocean away from
home. Home. Hold on to home. The distance
has grown and his name may be flawed-
A king, a warrior, a *captain*, a GOD.

Nobody holds the power to get back Home.

Past the brush, t'ward the song of a witch

His men still hold hope while the water stays blue

Blessed by the Gods, not just by his wit

Legends lie in learning, in waiting, in what they overcame

"Who is to blame when the refrain is the same?"

Fighting for a world you don't know, but could be

Closer, ever closer, close the space to pursue

So much power and he's yet to explore it

He knows that it's fleeting, a thrill and a shame

because now he has a taste for it.

NOW PRESENTING...

THE UNDERWORLD SAGA

FEATURING...

"The Underworld" illustrated by sunncean
"The Underworld" illustrated by nicteboon

"The Blind Man's Blood Waltz" a Poem by Nadviise

THE BLIND MAN'S BLOOD WALTZ

O luckless one
Why bring hope to this house of longing?
Are the tears of your crew
worth the sorrow stalling?

Pray tell me, sightseer, what mercy you find

Those buried and dead
Need not eyes or a head
To smell blood when it's been shed

What a pity when the monster is kind

O reckless one
You move hearts of bitter Gods
Trapped by the threads of fate
Still you wish to even the odds

I am not the weaver of the shroud that's been designed

Demand what you will
There's still blood yet to spill
Just how high will you die on this hill?
To ashame the name warrior of mind

O blameless one
When did you last feel the sun?
How far do you go
chasing time, never knowing
the time that you outgrow
Unlike you, our journey's not done.

O unfallen king
All I speak are words of truth
Your winged words wax poetic
For a sayer does not always soothe

Nobody by your side, it's your journey that's renowned

Swallow your pride
Leave doubt behind
Should you leave, peace of mind
And not heed what is signed
Time will tell which monster is blind
And we'll dance once more on your way down.
Tell me, what do you hear now?

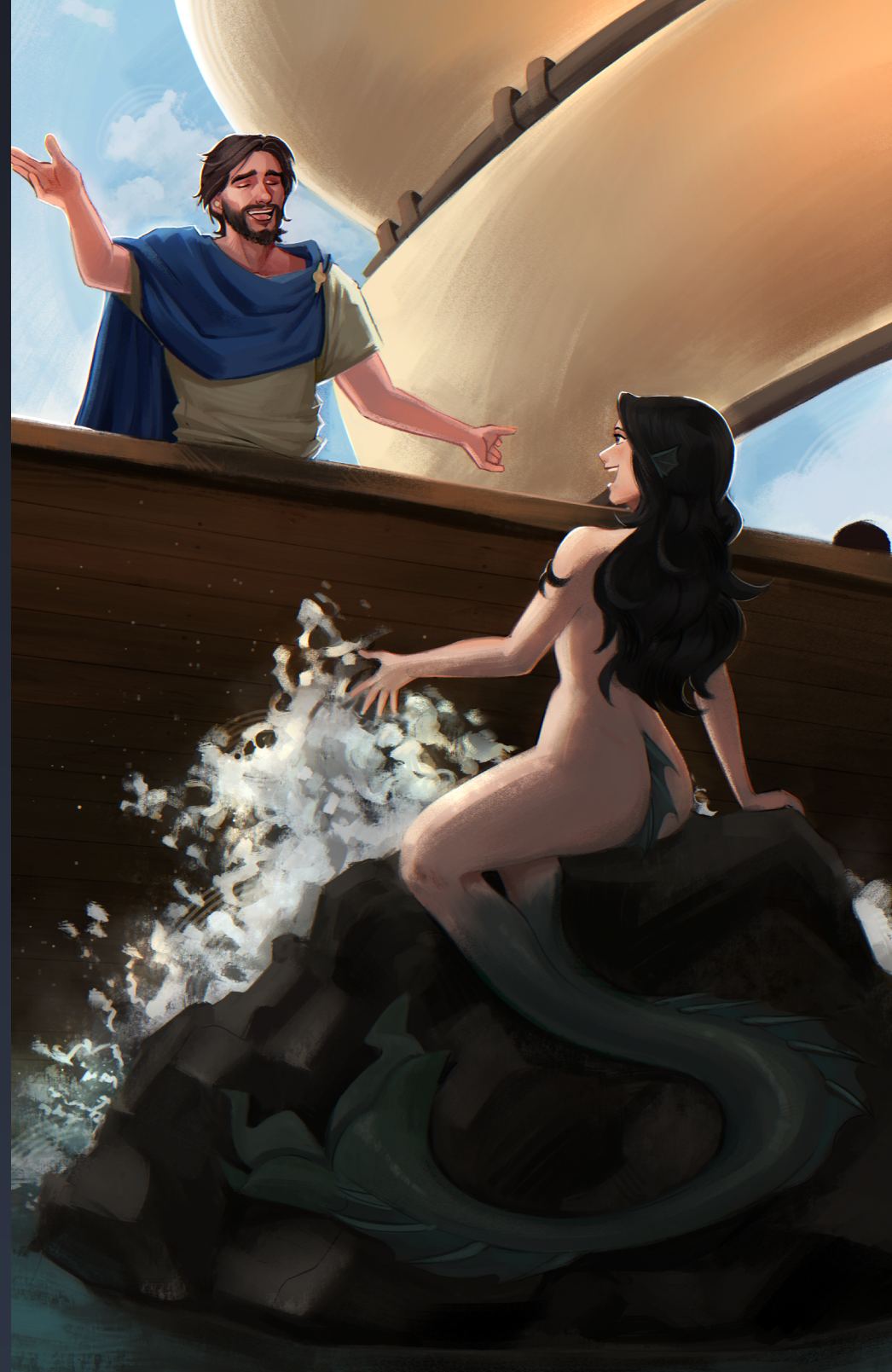
NOW PRESENTING...

THE THUNDER SAGA

FEATURING...

"Suffering" illustrated by Thelizzard
"Different Beast" illustrated by Eely
"Scylla" illustrated by Merlin
"Thunder Bringer" illustrated by Chookaten

"The Curse of Hunger" a Poem by Nadviise



THE COURSE OF HUNGER

Greet your host with gifts to share
When wading waves of baited breath
Where light cannot reach holds nothing compared
To what lies in the bed of the land of death

Time has little value in the void of my lair
Suffocating silence so violently still
"Oh, pity the beast as she starves unaware of
When she will get her next fill."

An eternal abyss, blanketed in despair
To know every inch and retell it
So surrounded by rot and ruin in the air
I KNOW FRESH BLOOD WHEN I SMELL IT

Recklessness – no. It's a *desperate* affair
The more desperate the meal, the harder it falls
Confess all your sins, yes, send your prayers
Gods cannot mourn those who wander these halls

Savour it. They know they're in your snare
Relish their fear as they'll soon know your bite
Never forget the taste a soul fares
Salivating in wait as they light their last rites

One too free, for the dive to Styx declares
A dead man be ready to pay the price
No man to be found, just a feast to prepare

Swallow your mercy
I shall *devour* your sacrifice.

"Hello..."

NOW PRESENTING...

THE WISDOM SAGA

FEATURING...

"Legendary" illustrated by DY
"We'll be fine" illustrated by Tismoonie
"Love in Paradise" illustrated by Pitxu
"God Games" illustrated by cydkic

"Questions I Offer the Ocean (in your absence)" a Poem by aiahmbic

DYLEEART

tismoonie '25

QUESTIONS I OFFER THE OCEAN (IN YOUR ABSENCE)

Father, tell me how masterful Athena witnesses everything -
from the first triumphant roar of man's strategy until
all fell silent, yet to return

(When are you coming home?)

- even with the greatest of storms in
Her eyes. Somehow, the wind remains
an unworthy opponent for
the Goddess' aegis. I am still learning
to see as She

I am still learning
I am afraid I will never know how
to meet the gaze of the owl outside,
not when it seems to be possessed by

direction.

(Where do I go from here?)

My sight knows no difference between
monsters and men, after all - perhaps it's
an inherited trait from these walls: a
Cradle. a Casket. Both things at once,
edges crooked and clumsy and contradictory,
crowding together into:
Unknowing

how it's meant to act around others

(What can I do
for things to settle?)

The halls are harder to hide in nowadays and
I do not know who can help: I am twenty now, but
I have yet to see a single
sign of faith
in my strength.

(Who do I turn to?
Which of the Gods will listen?)

When I was little these beasts had left me be,
but that title has since then followed me like
the allegedly buried spirit of
youth's cowardice refusing rest,
tugging to tear
at a prince's prime,
determined and damning:

they watch, hungering for flesh, as if
my name holds no honor. As if
their own ones make their blood
any less
barbarous. Three heads taller,
three minds shorter -

(Why can't they understand
a simple 'No'?)

- despite all their advantages.

Still, Father,
though I can only call out to you from here
and pray the sea is more merciful than
war and all its slaughter, illuminated by insatiability,
I hope my words travel alongside you -

you, who they call nimble in
foot and mind...

can surely manage to find
your way to what I say,
right?
Just as they say you, and
you alone, were the one to
find wisdom in something as
wild as a boar -

(How do you know?

Know what to say,
what battles are worth fighting -

Know that there is any actual chance
in anything you try for?)

- and sew stories so sweet,
so surmounting,
into my mother's veil that its frailness
lasts this long against a hundred -
and eight, now, as the sun sets here - blades...

Even against them, her skin stays scarred
only by her perpetual search for all their endings.

Father, please hear this:
I am left only with my dreams for company because
there is no waking truth I know how to decipher,
not on my own, even if I need to.
So I beg of you:
tell me about the dreams that drove
my mother towards your irrevocable path of
hope.

(How did our home look like
before it was hounded by
hostility?

How did you keep the lights on
in my mother's room?

I miss the way she smiled
back then,
before everything.
Now it seems the only thing she actually weaves is
the sides of her lips to appease.)

Tell me, even just once, and I swear to you:
I will bring you pride when you hear my name
and the kingdom of Ithaca will glow so brightly
it will forget it ever knew darkness as the
only thing it could ever rely on, ever
reach for
in
certainty.

NOW PRESENTING...

THE VENGEANCE SAGA

FEATURING...

"Not Sorry for Loving You" illustrated by col.lucis
"Dangerous" illustrated by Missescara_23
"Charybdis" illustrated by Neal
"Get in the Water" illustrated by Yuzukyuu
"Six Hundred Strike" illustrated by TT

"A Captain's Last Command" a Poem by Nadviise

A CAPTAIN'S LAST COMMAND

To my brothers beside the dying fire,
I know not if this will reach your ears or if you even wish to hear it,
though should luck still find pity in her heart, I pray she grants this chance
as I swear to you, no more wit.
No fruitless words nor sum of coin can pay the toll of blood I have shed.
But so long as the memory is carried in the wind, the world will never know
a better crew than the one I led.
What kind of man am I to yearn for the comfort of war?
The cries of a fleet sailed away on the horizon
only for one to return to shore.
Death is cold.
Remember the flame:
A torch inside a wooden frame
A blaze burning in the hearts of the slain
and one who will ensure the story is told.

I lived for you
I tried for you
I wish for home
So I'll fight for you.

Alright my brothers, listen closely
One last fight for what could have been
Lend me the honour, one last time,
to have me be your captain again.

Odysseus of Ithaca

@col.lucis

@missescara_23

NOW PRESENTING...

THE ITHACA SAGA

FEATURING...

"The Challenge" illustrated by xnheun
"Hold Them Down" illustrated by Vil
"Odysseus" illustrated by ElianZis
"I Can't Help but Wonder" illustrated by Im-Resident
"Would You Fall in Love with Me Again"
illustrated by Luiza Xavier Mazzei

"A Man is all I See" a Poem by Imperatrix

A MAN IS ALL I SEE

A wraith, a wretch, before me stands, forlorn and caked in blood:
His bearing taut, his gait distraught, his eyes a bleary flood.
This sullen husk is one I know: in fact, he's mine alone:
The rightful king, my only love, the master of the throne.

Beneath the doorway's barken maw, his frame is lean and wan:
Beside unyielding olive posts, his limbs look stretched and gaunt.
If not for faint and ragged breath, one might think him a corpse.
My dear, my love, what scarred you so in your re-turn from war?

A doubtful step, a bracing breath-he steadies his approach.
His gaze is low, his paces slow: he glides as would a ghost.
He's warier than I recall-an ill-effect of Troy?
Perhaps the years spent far from here have made my husband coy.

With tender care and whispered prayer, he casts his bow aside.
His tired gaze he starts to raise: he tries to meet my eyes.
My broken heart begins to beat: this all must be a dream.

I meet his stare, a broken glare, he rasps, *"Penelope..."*

His voice... his rolling basso tune... a balm that soothes my soul-
The countless weeks dissolve as he relieves me of their toll-
It echoes 'round our chamber walls as silence falls again:
I brace myself before I speak to share in his lament,

"It seems the gods, against all odds, have heard my longing pleas:
Could it be you, my husband true? Have you returned to me?
I scarcely can believe my eyes! My dear, I missed you so!
If it be you, then speak your truth: my love, where did you go?"

"Six hundred men were sent to war. Six hundred men had died.
The man you knew, the man you loved, with Hades now resides.
Now what remains? A monstrous shell, bereaved by greater men.
Despite these truths, I ask if you could love me once again..."

My husband's died...? This can't be right. Who do I stand before?
He claims he left the man behind to reach our kingdom's shores,
That not a trace of him remains-he's different, born anew.
Must I now grieve a man alive and love a stranger too?

And yet he asks a second chance: he asks I love again.
He surely jests. Despite all tests, my fealty knows no end.
Now, these are doubts I must sort out. He bears no ill-intent:
Perhaps the scars run deeper than the seas of blood he shed...

"What is it that you mean by this? Explain to me what's changed,
For all I see's one dear to me, my husband all the same.
Your gaze betrays a weary soul, your smile meets not your eyes,
Your voice is sorry, sorrowful, and hoarse from screams and cries

Though I may not begin to know the horrors you survived,
You wept, you sailed, fought tooth and nail, you made it out alive.
In spite of that, your heart's intact. I see my darling still.
So, tell me, love, what wounded you? What battered down your will?"

"Five hundred men had met their end: I stirred Poseidon's might.
At Scylla's lair, I paid her fare. Six souls were lost that night.
When pressure grew, I buckled to the Thunder Bringer's will.
I needed you, *so gave my crew. I carry still the guilt."*

Perhaps it's lighter on his heart that he absolve the blame
Of ruthless, cruel, and monstrous deeds by shunning his old name.
The man he shed then claims no dead: the monster bears the fault.
But man and monster are the same, regardless what he's called.

The countless deaths, the bloody mess... are these what plague his dreams?
Alas, I fear my darling dear's more fragile than he seems
Though hurt and aching he may be, I'll prove he's who I knew
And cast the truth before his eyes so he may see it too.

"You wish to prove yourself to me? You wish to earn my heart?
You truly wish to reconcile the time we've spent apart?
Then I have but a single task. If you're my husband true,
Go forth and take our wedding bed and ***cast it from this room."***

"What nonsense do you speak, my love? You know it can't be moved!
To harm that tree's the death of me! You know I must refuse!
This task is one I cannot do. Our roots are in that tree!
It marks the spot I fell for you, and where you fell for me!"

"Ah, so it seems you do recall! My darling precious fool,
There's only one who knows of this, and he, my love, is ***you!***
I've begged the gods for your return, I've braved the empty nights,
And now you say you're not the same? You dare dismiss my plights?

Why would I need to fall again? You've surely gone insane.
How little must you think my love to ever think it wanes?
Regardless of the passing time, regardless of your deeds,
If anyone's to claim your heart, it surely should be me!

I did not wait for twenty years for men I do not know!
I spent those years awaiting you and praying you'd come home!
Do not allege my husband dead, destroyed by monstrous deeds.
Before me stands ***Odysseus****. A man is all I see.*

A man who faced both witch and wave, yet only thought of me:
A man so deeply wrought with love, he fought the very sea:
A man so stubbornly devout, he shirked a goddess' bed:
A man I cannot live without, the ***husband whom I wed.***

So, 'No', in short, is my report. I need not fall again.
I never did stop loving you: I never thought you dead.
Let Aphrodite bear my truth: I'm yours forevermore.
My dear, my love, what matters most is you've returned from war."

@xnheun_

-BV-

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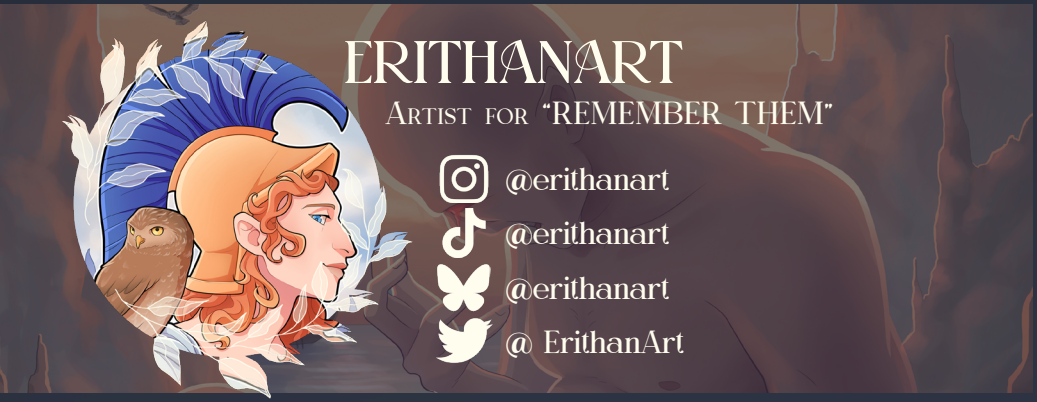

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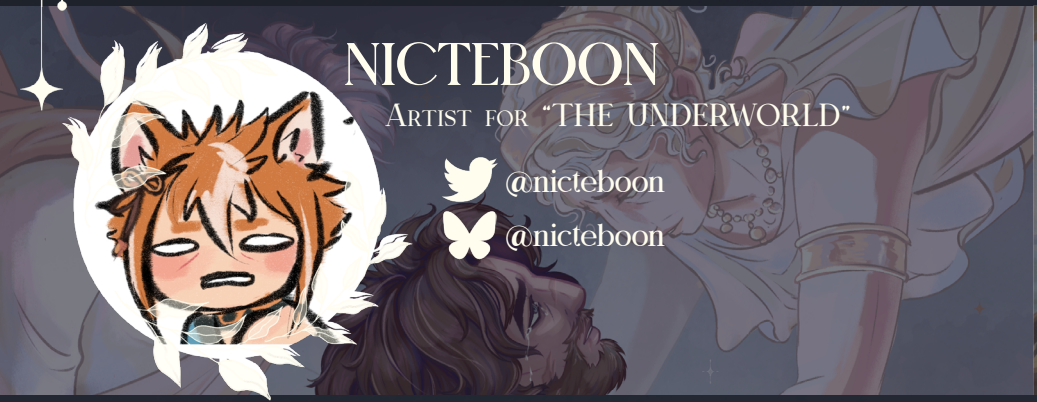

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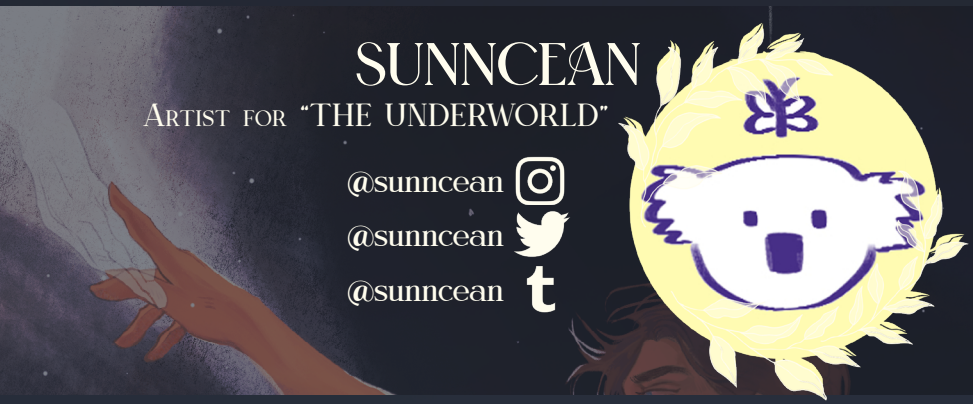

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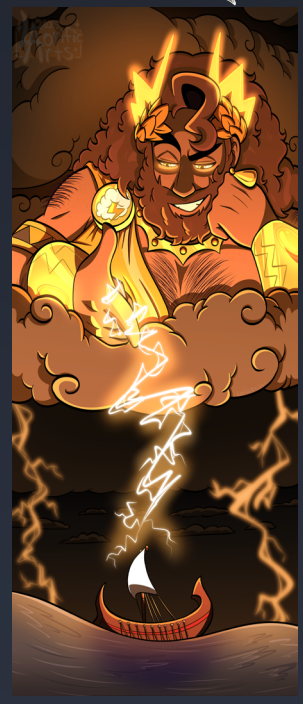

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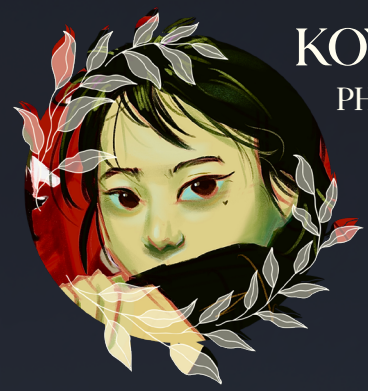

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